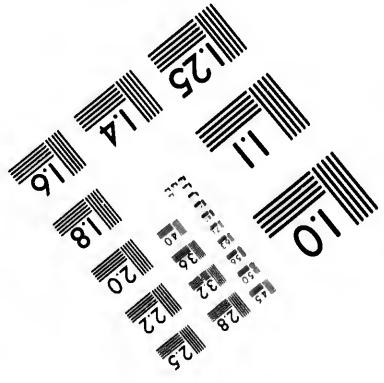
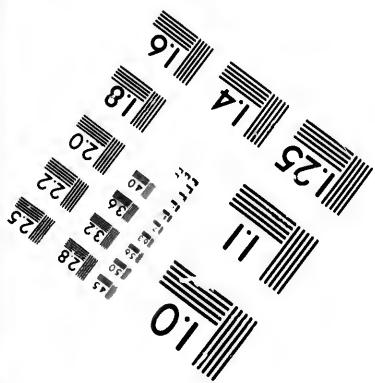
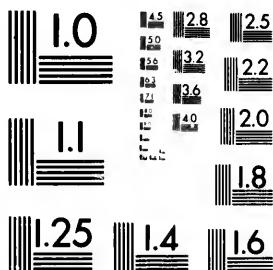


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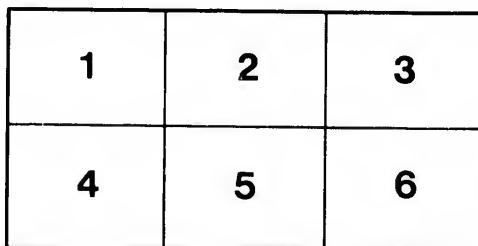
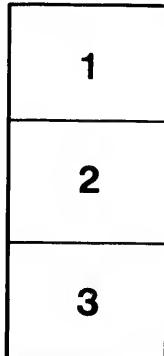
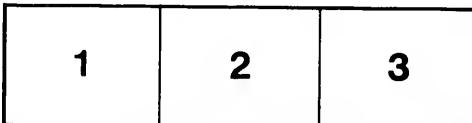
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ORIGINAL POEMS,

—BY—

WILLARD W. ELLS

“Wisdom is the principal thing.”

Knowledge is the bud; yea 'tis the tender
blossom,
But in Wisdom lies its perfect grandeur.



KENTVILLE, N. S.
“NEW STAR” POWER PRINT.
1890.

A 819.1
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TO THE SALVATION ARMY.

Hark ! the Salvationists' drum is repeating
 Loudly its favourite clang as a greeting;
 Calling the soldiers together for action;
 Bravely they gather a band of a faction.

Loud is the voice of that musical singing
 Made more attractive by tambourine ringing,
 That's intermingled with clang and with shouting
 Like as an Army its enemy routing.

Now I will reason respectful and gentle,
 Using the knowledge that flows from the mental
 Fountain of truth that should rule our behaviour,
 When we attempt at adoring the Saviour.

Life in its mildest attainment should please us,
 Calm and devout is the example of Jesus; [ness
 Hence we should rise by his grace from our weak-
 Clothing our nature with quiet and meekness.

Love and obedience establish our pardon;
 Void of these graces the Jews at the Jordan
 Lost all their faith and refused to proceed on,
 Turning from Canaan like Adam from Eden.

Zeal for the colours that's used by a nation;
 Proud of its might, is beneath a Salvation
 Purchased by love and obtained through obedience;
 Not by the force of an oath of allegiance.

Jesus has said —but who made the amendments?
 Those who will love me will keep my command-
 ments;
 Teaching the truth, and proclaiming the sentence
 Passed on the rebel who seeks not repentance.

Read his address to his chosen Apostles,
 Spoken in language to last as the fossils;
 Hid in earth's crust that in spite of resistance
 Proves it a fact of a perfect existence.

Go and proclaim in my name a salvation, [tion
 Great and complete, that's prepared for each na-
 When they believe then, baptize them to merit
 More of my grace, and the gift of the spirit

Teach them my doctrines and cause them to cherish
 All that I've told you of those who would perish;
 Left to themselves without knowledge of danger
 Dealing with each as a friend yet a stranger.

Kindly commemorate such an eventful
 Moment of passion that made me lamentful;
 Both as a merit and for an example
 Proving my grace for your souls is found ample.

Bread and the wine of the grape is sufficient;
 Rich in its flavor both harmless and pleasant
 Never intended to injure my creatures,
 But to adorn with a splendour their features.

Using pure wine in a holy devotion
 Shows us that Christians are high in promotion,
 Such is the charge that our master has left us
 Where our assailant of peace has bereft us.

Truth will illumine our minds with a knowledge
 Greater by far than we gain in a college;
 If we adhere to the counsel of Jesus
 Not to the doctrines of men who would please us.

Great's the offence that is caused by this faction;
 God will avenge us ignoring the action;
 Woe to the man who has given his sanction,
 Better for him was his being's extinction.

Honour the Gospel as precious, and teach it
 As the Apostles sent hither to preach it;
 Cursed is the Angel or Man who will change it
 For 'tis established and God will arrange it.

Uniform, colours and clothes w th such splendour
 Is an offence to our righteous defender;
 Since you dishonour his precious commandments,
 Taking instead of them man's rude amendments

Telling us love has established the movement
 Giving religion a chance for improvement,
 Freed from sacred instructions and orders
 Left it in writing by chosen recorders;

Boasting of pardon and instant perfection,
 Not of a union with Christ and connection,
 Made to the Church, by the seal of Baptism;
 Hence we regard you much worse than a schism.

Those who advance in the knowledge of living
 Near to the Saviour must still be receiving
 Fulness of grace to assist them in labour [bour
 Lest their instruction should injure their neigh-

Hence it is prudent and wise to ponder
 O'er your conjectures lest error should sunder
 Peace from your Souls; and the loss of assurance
 Wholly deprive you of strength for endurance.

Now I beseech you, as one who's devoted
 Time for advancing in truth, that's promoted
 Thousands to humble yet royal position
 Who were redeemed from the meanest condition

That you affirm by a useful endeavour,
 That you are Christ's and are ransomed for ever,
 Not by a march through the street as an Army
 Filling with clamour the air that is balmy.

Friends, is the Gospel of Jesus adorning [ing,
 Paul and his servants whom prophets were scorned
 Worse than the rest of the barbarous heathens
 Mentioned by Paul in his lecture at Athens.

Hence in such worship, like children in frolic,
 You are ignoring the Church Apostolic,
 That has the promise of lasting endurance;
 Yea she is blest with a perfect assurance.

Soft was the message of peace that the anointed
 Saviour delivered, that as God had appointed
 Him, through his wisdom to sprinkle the nations,
 Taught by the words of his heavenly oration.

Judgement and mercy in righteous connection
 Filled him with pity and drew his affection;
 Yet he refrained in his speaking from proudness;
 Nor was he heard on the street with a loudness.

Thus had the Prophet predicted his manner;
 Faith had beheld in the Gospels' fair banner,
 Grace that develops in constant emotion
 Prompted by love that will merit devotion.

Such's the example the Saviour has left us,

Worthy to follow and proposed to lift us
High in the spirit of humble contrition
From depraved and unhappy condition.

Not his example alone but his teaching,
Bids us avoid in our worship the screeching,
That is too frequently heard in your service.
Since it's offensive to those who are nervous.

Pray not as Pharisees, trying to utter
Language most fluent, for vainly they mutter
Prayers in the market, displaying their raiment;
Truly such vice will award them a payment.

Make your petition in secret devotion
Knowing your father will feel each emotion.
Grant your desire, and be present to guard you;
Then will he publicly bless and reward you.

Thus, though abridged, are the words of the
Saviour,
Spoke on the manner of Christain behaviour,
Taught in his gesture his precept and training,
Such is the mien that the Church is maintaining

Yet you will argue, like sages with rapture,
That we are taught such a custom in Scripture;
David exalted Jehovah by playing
Music as noisy, with singing and praying.

Need we inquire for the cause of devotion,
Raised by a nation in highest promotion;
Since it is obvious that it would merit
Carnal desire with a worshipping spirit.

Moses established the law of divorce,
 Yet he restricted its power of enforcement,
 Till the Messiah expounded the reason
 Why he alloted that custom a season.

God did premit and excepted from weakness.
 Worship inferior to that of pure meekness;
 For he intended man's final perfection [unction
 That he'll achieve through the Son's close con-

Hence to the pure there is nothing impure now,
 For 'tis by faith not by law we endure; now,
 Changed and established and quickened in spirit
 Customs, though useful, retained not a merit.

Jesus with prudence has wisely accepted such
 Customs, adopted to truth, and rejected such
 Ones that would lead to an injurious notion
 Either in doctrines or public devotion.

Hence it is wise to consider the subject
 Thoroughly weighing each word, that my object
 May be accomplished through wisdom, in quiet;
 Through the peruser at first should defy it.



FINDING OF MOSES

The morning, clad with eastern splendor, dawnded
In calm, when an Egyptain Princess sought
The cleansing water of the sacred Nile,
Where with her maiden's aid she meant to bathe,
But lingered on its flaggy bank awhile,
Perhaps to wake devotion in her heart
To some Egyptain deity, or smell
The morning incense more and thus distil
From thought, a spirit of emotional
Submission, that would please her angry God;
But while familiar objects met her gaze
And nature filled with music stilled her breath
Her countenance most instantly was changed
And strongest curiosity was seen
To flash abruptly in her scaning eye;
Resuming thought she bade her maid proceed
And fetch the Papyrus Ark that she had spied
Obscurely hid near by the waters edge.
Obedient at command, the maiden gained
The spot and raised the anchored craft with care;
Admiring rapture seized the Princess then;
For what but natural genius had designed
So delicate and yet substantial work.
Was it a legacy of love and pain
Invented by a frail yet skilful hand;
Disclose! she cried the treasure it contains.
And though amazed she drew more close to greet
The gesture of a helpless weeping child
Left by its mother there, though watched with care,
Who had prepared that cradle for her babe.
The Princess wept aghast with love or hate,
She must withhold her tears and stain her hand
With legal crime and barbarous tragedy,
Or violate her Father fixed decree;

But mild effeminacy freed from dread,
 Lit her affection and redeemed the child.
 "He's saved" she cried "adapted for my own;"
 Let Egypt gaze and own submissive awe.
 This infant Hebrew lives apart from law.
 Meanwhile the faithful guard who kept her stand
 Discharged the watchful duty that evolved
 On her, and thus displayed a vigorous mind.
 That girl so pure in taste possessed the grace
 That makes the sister feel her brother's need;
 But with a distant view of what had transpired
 Her heart was tried with mingled hope and fear
 Until her courage raised by strongest faith,
 Through promise uttered by a candid voice,
 She hastened where gay Princess Pharaoh stood
 And spoke in softest form abruptly quick.
 Your Highness please to bid me call a nurse.
 Amazed at mein so rare and from a child,
 The Princess smiled with yes for a response.
 Then Miriam, glad the tidings to announce,
 Made haste; the anxious mother heard with joy,
 "Arise and come the Princess wants a nurse."
 To glad by far to manifest surprise
 She promptly hastened where she'd left her babe.
 Now take this child the Princess urged at once
 And nurture him; I'll duly pay thy charge.
 In gesture then the mother gave response
 Betook her child and with a fond caress
 Did vow to give him succour, 'twas success.



THE AIM OF LIFE.

Why should I give my time to guile,
 That will offences give,
 For I perceive the little while
 That I will have to live;

And should I waste my precious days,
 Or give them up to shame,
 When I can spend them all in praise
 And then receive the same.

By honest dealing I will seek
 To win a worthy name,
 That I may in the future speak
 And tell how honour came.

For a good name will profit more
 Than all I'll have besides;
 Without it I must e'er be poor
 Though wealth my course betides.

THE TWO CHRISTIANS.

(Composed June 12th, 1875)
 Once, on that sacred day,
 They call the day of rest,
 I scanned the meadow's fine display
 And felt that I was blest.

I heard the birds of spring
 Revive their gladsome songs,
 And fain would have been heard to sing
 The lays of Christain tongues.

The afternoon was long,
That slowly past away,
But e'er its closing hour was gone,
My gesture showed dismay.

While nature cheered my heart
With such amusing joy,
I saw an act that left a smart,
And does my peace annoy.

For, looking further down,
I saw two Christians meet
And greet each other with a frown,
Upon the public street.

A wilful gesture played
Alike, on either face
Till love was vanquished or dismayed
And malice took its place.

But neither spoke a word,
Nor would exchange a smile;
And yet, in fancy, thought the Lord
Was with him all the while.

Void of respect, they passed,
Unworthy of their name;
The name of Christian, that's to last
And reap eternal fame.

In spite of springtide's bliss
That I enjoyed so much,
My thought was firmly fixed on this,
That filled me with reprobation.

For meditation seized
My nature's function then,
And weighed the act that should appeased
The need that's felt in man;

And childlike knowledge led
My anxious mind sloft
And in whisper bade me dread
The vice I'd seen too oft.

Was it an act of love,
Produced by Christian of grace;
A gesture that would clearly prove
Them of a chosen race?

Was it the special seal
That seals the Christian's life,
And arms him an ardent zeal
Amid this world of strife?

Was it the maxim taught,
That Christians must forgive,
And set the great example, wrought
By him who bids them live?

Was it the tact of heart
That's promised in the Word,
Which Jesus to his own impart,
That makes them like their Lord?

Was it the spirit, that
Will teach the human voice
To pray for these, who, sneering at
The humble, speak their choice?

Was it that Heavenly light
 That can instruct a child,
 And make the proud to feel contrite
 And be as purely mild?

Would it achieve the prayer
 Of the Incarnate Son,
 Who prayed in accents of despair,
 That Christians might be one!

I tried to harmonize,
 But failed in the attempt;
 It was too much to realize
 That they were both exempt.

Absorbed in thought, I stood
 And watched the sun-set's glow,
 For still, suggest it as I would,
 My conscience, answered no!

They both could freely speak
 Of the Redeemer's love,
 And in their language, seem as meek
 As the defenceless dove.

And yet their action led
 A thoughtful child astray,
 Whom they should guard and kindly lead
 In wisdom's perfect way.

And as I turned my back
 Upon that stubborn act
 I sighed and keenly felt my lack
 Of knowledge take effect.

Perhaps the fault is mine;
 Their heart, may both be pure;
 O Lord forgive, I will be thine;
 Thou madest redemption sure.

THE SUN-SET;

Behold how bright
 Those window's are!
 The Sun's last ray of light
 Has made them fair.

For now the glass
 Appears like fire,
 Or like the precious brass
 That Jews desire.

The sun is low,
 'Tis in the west,
 But with resplendent glow
 It sinks to rest.

The sun is set,
 I shed a tear,
 How can I e'er forget
 What's been severe.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE INFIDEL.

A little girl of girl of beauty rare,
 Who sat amid a pleasant shade.
 With beaming eyes and visage fair,
 Inferred, her peace with God was made.

An open book was in her hand
 From which she'd read a useful page,
 Then stopped for time to understand
 What had been written by riper age.

Soon in a sweet majestic song
 Her vocal power was heard as meek,
 To swell the notes with accent strong,
 While tears were flowing down her cheek.

'Twas then a neighbor passing by
 Stopped in that cool refreshing shade;
 Just when the sobbing child did sigh,
 His hasty footsteps were stayed.

Oh are you sick, he kindly asked,
 That you should vent those bitter sighs;
 Or is it grief that falls so fast,
 With anguish, from your beaming eyes?

With girlish mien she raised her head
 And keenly gazed into his face;
 But with a smile, and then she said,
 In tones of energy and grace:

No sir, not sick, but I am glad;
 My tears bespeak felicity;
 For I've no grief to make me sad;
 Thus I will ever grateful be.

If you are glad, how can you weep?
 That Infidel inquired next,
 For that implies your anguish's deep,
 Or may denote that you are vexed.

Ah sir! it is the Saviour's love,
 That does afford this great delight,
 Who still in triumph reigns above
 On an eternal throne, that's bright.

I know that once he died for me,
 And made me heir to all his grace;
 For this he suffered on the tree
 While the bright sun withdrew it face.

Then laughing, at each pointed word,
 Of trust and faith, he mocked and said:
 It's not a truth about your Lord,
 Your faith is vain, he's long been dead.

Ah sir! he lives and reigns above,
 She cried, and still I'm glad to know
 That with his grace and ceaseless love
 He still protects me here below.

Well, if, said he, your Saviour lives
 And on the throne in glory sits,
 Where is the love he freely gives
 Or where is all the gifts he lets?

For if he loves you as you say
 He would your parents, money give,
 To buy fine clothes and things most gay
 For which a child like you should live.

'Tis nothing but some foolishness
 Your Grand-mother is teaching you,
 Or some such person who's prone to guess;
 But learn sweet child, for it's not so.

I ask no money now, said she,
 Nor any raiment more than this;
 His love is more than gold would be
 His righteousness, than costly dress.

Why mock? for now he reigns above,
 And 'tis my comfort still the know
 That he is faithful and will prove
 His present care for me, below.

And as that infidel went home
 Her words reproved his faithless heart;
 His time of change had fully come,
 And that fair child achieve the start.

Oh what a charm religion has!
 There's none for infidelity;
 But what religion did possess,
 To give her joy, he failed to see.

But these pure words run through his mind,
 "Oh no he lives and reigns above,
 And 'tis my comfort still I find
 To know he'll never cease to love,"

Until through meekness reconciled
 The Saviour he devoutly sought;
 Thus the influence of a child
 This faithless man to Jesus brought.



THE SHEPHERD,—Psalm 23.

Jehovah is my Shepherd now,
 He does relieve my wants;
Nor will I longer mourn below
 While he directs my sense.

My famished soul he's taught to feed
 In pastures of his grace,
 Such ample food is all I need
 In this most sacred place.

He leads me to the fountain's side
 That I may drink with ease,
 Where living streams of water glide,
 That does my thirst appease.

He guards me with his ardent sway
 For his own honor's sake,
 When weakness would entice astray,
 He shows me the mistake.

He does provide me ample breath,
 That can exalt his name
 And if I tread the glen of death
 His care will be the same.

My table he supplies with bread,
 In presence of my foes;
 His precious oil anoints my head,
 My cup of bliss o'er flows.

His mercy still attends my way
 And often does reprove;
 His goodness shields me all the day
 With a devoted love.

Hence in his fane I will abide,
 And ne'er attempt to roam;
 But like a child in him confide
 And feel myself at home.

THE YOUTH AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

(Composed from prose, Oct. 20th, 1879.)

A reckless youth who spent his time
 In forward acts, that spoilt his prime,
 Sought comfort in a large hotel,
 After he'd spent three days most ill.

Three gentlemen were sitting near
 Where the bold spendthrift found a chair;
 In silence he assumed that seat
 And scanned the movements on the street.

But ere his pondering spell was o'er
 The scene was changed, for soon the door
 Was opened by a little girl
 Who did her poverty unfurl.

A smile still dwelt upon her face,
 Though friendly care had left no trace;
 Her filthy rags beguiled the curls
 That graced her head with nature's pearls.

She did not hesitate, but, moved
 With quickest step, and thus improved
 Her chance; one gentleman in prime
 With her complied, and gave a dime.

Not quite discouraged then, but glad
 And rather proud of what she had;
 She next advanced towards the youth
 As firm and brave as gleaning Ruth.

Kind s'r she plead, you'll surely give
 Another dime, for I must live;
 I've had no breakfast yet, I'm faint;
 Take pity now at my complaint.

A scowl expressed his fruitless plan:
 I've none he said, ask them who can,
 I've not ate bread for three long days!
 Why turn on me your hunger's gaze!

Then humane pity lit her face,
 With rather more than child-like grace,
 That did express her liberal heart
 And showed intention on her part.

Take this, my friend, 'tis but a dime;
 'Twill buy enough for you this time;
 I'll wait a while 'tis not so long,
 Since I ate food; as yet, I'm strong.

The tears that started in his eye
 Expressed the folly of his lie,
 And when he felt what vice had cost,
 He found his pity was not lost.

In the adjoining room he went
 And told the story of her want,
 And soon returned at her demand
 With twenty dollars in his hand.

Rejoiced, she took the precious gift,
 And freely thanked him ere she left
 In language that behooved a child,
 But he responded not, but smiled.

THE TRESPASS.

Rom, 5, 6, 10,

As by Adam's vile transgression,
 Death by one has ruled the world,
 So by special intercession
 Jesus Christ has life unfurled.

Those who will receive the blessing,
 Shall have ample gift of grace,
 Righteous deeds in them expressing
 Faith and love that they embrace.

Once by trespass condemnation,
 Past in judgment upon man,
 But the gift of justification;
 Gained by Christ prevenes that plan.

Since by one man's disobedience,
 Many were by sin depraved;
 So by one who paid obedience,
 All the many can be saved.

Hence the law appeared on reason,
 That the trespass might abound;
 Thus where sin enjoyed a season,
 Grace is now in triumph found.

For as sin has death promoted,
 Grace through righteousness will reign
 Till by faith in Christ promoted,
 Life eternal it shall gain.

HUMILITY AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Rom. 6. 16 to the end.

May God forbid that we should sin,
 Because he shields us under grace;
 But make us realize we're in
 What may be termed a servant's place

We're bound with love to that we serve
 That's either sin, that ends in death,
 Or rectitude, that will preserve
 Our beings now with living breath.

We thank our God, whereas we once
 Were slaves to sin, we now, apart
 From all the lust and power of sense
 Obey the Gospel from the heart.

And thus loosed from the law of sin
 We're called to serve the milder law,
 Of righteousness, that's written in
 Each conscience first, with sacred awe,

But conscious that our flesh is weak
 We would present our members now
 To righteousness and humbly seek
 Sanctification while below.

As in the past we did present
 Them all, to vile iniquity
 That reigned in us, with the intent
 To sink us down in misery.

We then were void of rectitude,
 Enslaved to sin, that quelled our breath,
 And carnal bliss did us delude;
 By lust of which the end is death.

Made free of sin, we have the fruit
 Of serving God apart from strife,
 That will perfect and thus impute,
 His grace and give eternal life.

For the reward of sin is death,
 But grace endowed with love will give
 Us the free gift that guards our breath,
 That we through Christ our Lord may live.

PERSÖNIFICATION OF VIRTUE.

Greet that figure who is standing,
 For she's decked with spotless beauty,
 And with liberal mien, is handing
 Out her counsel as of duty.

Hark! she speaks, I'm not a stranger,
 But I'm courteous, pure and witty,
 Come ye maidens now in danger,
 Heed my words of gracious pity.

Gaze with ecstasy on my features,
 For my countenance is specious;
 Learn ye delicate human creatures,
 That a character is precious.

Read the mien that grace my visage,
For 'twill give the special reason,
Why the use of present knowledge
Is your shield in youth's gay season.

Mark the firmness of my gesture;
See in everything I've prudence,
Dressed in Meekness for a vesture,
Come and stably be my students.

I can crown each life with blessing,
Give the cup of sparkling pleasure,
While my form you are caressing,
Bliss will flow apart from measure

But once violate my teaching,
And you leave the path of gladness;
Led by vice that is forth reaching,
To the day of bitter sadness.

Then though weak you'll hear the scandal,
Bear the shame and feel the sorrow,
Yield at fraud to-day you'll dwindle,
With its blight at jeer to-morrow.

Seal the gift of pure affection,
While you join in harmless pleasure,
For your grief at stern rejection
Will disperse the cloudless azure.

Take my counsel as your warning,
For such caution ne'er will hurt you;
Thousands are their lives adorning,
With my graces, I'm Virtue.

ON LOVE.
—

Amid the comfort we'd employ,
The greatest gift appears,
That will afford us ample joy
Through our advancing years.

It now adorns this handsome girl
For with it she is blest,
And thus her gesture does unfurl
What words have not expressed.

Nor will it e'er from her depart
Or leave its hiding place,
But wisely linger in her heart
And there diffuse its grace.

And with its cheer will please her still
And give her constant joy,
While it subdues her stubborn will
And all her vice destroy.

For 'tis a kind reviving thing,
Abounding with relief
That will with disappointment bring
A flood of heavy grief.



